

New. Voices

a collection of student writings



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Congratulations to the writing and art students at Ivy Tech Community College — Central Indiana who are published in this seventh issue of *New Voices*.

This collection is a representative sample from the classes on the Central Indiana campuses. All departments and students may submit manuscripts and artwork for publication. (See page 76). *New Voices* regrets it is unable to include all submissions.

The faculty members whose students contributed manuscripts and material are commended for their support and assistance.

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Writing is

a journey for the imagination
a way to express yourself
food for the mind
a door leading to infinite places
a way to talk without speaking
a jamboree of thoughts
like an oval mirror
recording thoughts and images
communicating
like a river
a pumpkin grande spice no water chi
fun when the t.v. does not work
the most loyal friend I have ever known
the point of this class
a form of creative expression
a journey for the soul...

by Patricia Ann John

Karolyn



My Journey to College

by Jermaine Moore

Going to college for some people may appear out of reach—like trying to sign the Declaration of Independence, but for me, college was a way out of many bad situations. Since I was young, college seemed like the only way to better myself and show the world that I was not just a statistic, burdening the shoulders of society. Several individuals and remarkable events led me on the road to college.

The first person who inspired me to go to college was my mother, Vanessa Rogers. The strengths of my mother in the worst times of hardship could have earned her the medal of valor. The courage of Mrs. Roger's unyielding strength appeared to my eyes when I was a child.

I remember being kicked out of my grandma's house when I was only eleven-years-old. The only refuge that we had was a car and a shelter that housed women and children. While staying at the shelter, we had food and clothes from charity drives.

My mother stayed strong like a Navy Seal during one of the worst times of our lives. I could not remember one time in my life that my mother complained or asked "why" during harsh and sometimes impossible situations. Today Mrs. Rogers is a registered nurse with a Bachelor's degree, has an M.B.A. in business, and is now in medical school to become a medical doctor.

My mother was always hard on me because I was the oldest, and my younger brother looked up to me. I would often get in to trouble because of the mishaps of my brother. Today we all have a close relationship because of all the struggles we endured together.

The second person who inspired me to go to college was my Pops, John P. Rogers. Mr. Rogers encouraged me in many ways. An example of how my Pops helped me on the road to college was by giving me good advice. Pops often invited me to his office where he told me stories about his life experiences. For example, my father could talk about a little subject like washing dishes and somehow the conversation would last for over an hour.

My mom, brother, and I often joked about the dreadful “L” word, which stood for “Lecture.” Sometimes the lectures were lengthy, but they were beneficial and helped guide us to make the right choices.

Another way that my Pops helped me on my road to college was by paying for my schooling and books out of his pocket. Pops believed in me and he took a risk on me. I am going to work my hardest to show him that I can be successful in and out of school.

A third factor that led me on the road to college was being poor. I remember growing up without everything I wanted and sometimes needed. In my younger state of mind I wanted to be rich with the power to do whatever and go wherever I desired to go. Another reason why I wanted to go to college was that I did not want to work a ten-dollar-an-hour or less job. I have seen many people being satisfied with making a small sum of money. I believe my future is going to be bright, and I am going to settle for the very best.

Being poor and living in the projects or a poorly constructed housing complex, places a label on those who live there. Often, people automatically judge and assume that a person is lazy and stupid. I want to prove to society that if a person comes from

poverty, rising up to success is not impossible. Many smart people come from poor families; I am one of them, and I want to prove to the world that poverty is just the beginning and anyone from any background can make it.

A fourth event that led me on the road to college was the death of my Uncle Morris. When I was in sixth grade in August of 1999, my Uncle Morris Moore was gunned down in an apartment complex on the eastside of Indianapolis. Morris's gunshot wounds were fatal, and he didn't make it to the hospital in time to save his life because the shooter threatened anyone who dared to call the ambulance. To this day I will never know if the proper medical attention were available, if he would be in my address book under Uncle Morris. His death inspired me to go to college because I didn't want to be murdered.

I want to succeed and be a positive influence in society. I feel that the angel of my uncle is proud of me and is looking down on me with many blessings. After witnessing the lifestyle that my uncle led, I felt that to succeed in life I needed to be a better person than he was.

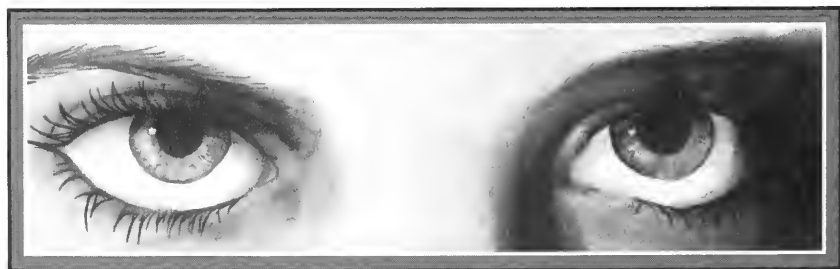
The fifth event that led me on the road to college was being shot at. A near-death experience opened my eyes and gave me a new outlook on life. In the midst of being shot at and surviving, the situation made me want to make my parents proud and show them that after a near-death experience, my eyes have been opened to success. My eyes have been opened to the most positive ways of life.

The things I felt were once right, later appeared to be wrong. The places I used to visit are now abandoned warehouses in my mind, places where there was no good being manufactured. Now

that I am older, I can appreciate where God has brought me from, and I wisely think about a situation before I put myself in a bad one.

There have been many people who, and events that, have led me on the road to college. The people and events all worked together in different ways to help me achieve success. Some of the methods that molded me may have been unconventional, but they worked to my advantage. Sometimes individuals must experience a horrible event in life to help them be strong and shape the future. Many people will not admit that a bad event changed their lives for the good because the situation is either embarrassing or the pain of buried memories slowly burns their souls at those very thoughts. I am an example of how good can come out of any bad situation. I will never forget who I am, where I came from, and all the people who, and events that, are still leading me on my road through college.

Eye of the Beholder



by Devon Smith

Writing Trauma

by Elaine Delmoro

When I was seven-years-old, I started the first grade. I went to elementary school in a village thirty minutes away from our farm on the south side of Brazil. Because there was no school bus, I had to walk to school.

The way to school was an adventure. My five friends from the neighborhood and our teacher, who also lived in my village, and I had to cross mountains, coffee plantations, and forests. The path was not very clean. The high grass scratched my legs and got them wet. I used to leave an extra pair of long pants at school because my pant legs would get very wet.

I had one teacher (who was also my sister-in-law) for all the courses: Portuguese, mathematics, science, and social studies. The one classroom with two chalkboards was for all 20 students from pre-school to fourth grade. The teacher, Idida, also had to cook lunch for us. I remember every day she had different children help her make lunch during the classes. I loved the smell of the food in the building. Usually we had rice, ABC soup – pasta in the shape of letters of the alphabet – or little pasta shells.

Friday was cleaning day. All the students had to help wash the bathrooms, sweep and mop the classroom and the kitchen, and dust the school furniture. When we were done, it was nice to feel the fresh clean air and step barefoot on the wet floor.

By the school there was a lake where the frogs sang and a donkey brayed each morning. The lake was part of the property of the richest man in the village. There was a fence around his property,

which encompassed a house, woods, land, and the lake. We had no relationship with the owner; we did not use his lake or his donkey for anything, but that donkey's braying is fixed in my mind as something that makes me feel like going back to those hard, but wonderful days.

My teacher was dedicated to her job. I learned Portuguese, my native language, very well. I remember when I was first reading the *A B C's* on the chalkboard, and the day I realized how the words were formed. I was doing my homework. I had an enormous feeling of happiness when I realized that the words were the syllables put together. I ran over to my teacher, who lived next door, shouting that I had learned how to read all by myself.

During the first grade, I was already writing. I remember the first composition our teacher asked us to write. The title had to be "The Colorful Little Elephant." I wrote the following composition:

Once upon a time, there was a colorful little elephant. He was climbing a big mountain. When he got to the top of the mountain, he was very thirsty. There was a pond up there so the little colorful elephant had some water. Suddenly, he slipped and fell into the water. He went away very upset because he had lost all his colors in the water.

I was very happy with my composition. My teacher read my story to the class the next day; she said it was very creative. That made me very proud of myself. It was a good experience.

Once when I was visiting my teacher at her house, my brother, who is her husband, was also there. She told him about my composition saying how creative it was. My brother decided to be a critic.

Laughing, he said to me that elephants do not climb mountains.

We still make fun of him by saying that if I do not succeed in writing, it is because he gave me “a writing trauma.”



Delmoro brothers and sisters
mother Natalina and aunt Tereza

*Coffee Farm – Taguá, MG Brazil
Seated on the right is writer Elaine Delmoro when she
was a young school girl.*

Existension

I want to exit this existence
And enter the Existential Realm
Where you are promised nothing
But what you choose to create.

Intoxicated with individuality...
Mouths maunder!
Minds meander!

There are no signs of order
Only chance and choice.

Religions are covenants with self
What you choose to believe
All temples are temporary
And all ideas are like people
They grow and die.

So beautiful...
So fragile...
So quick to die.

by Lee Edward Reynolds

Deep Impact: Three Movies That Changed My Life

by Christopher Murray

Every so often, one discovers a work of art that changes his or her life. The art could be in the form of a song, an abstract painting, or a motion picture. When the impact of this art reaches the core of one's existence, one knows one has been touched. Of course, this could be either a positive influence or a negative influence. However, the end result is undeniable. One will never be the same again after this artwork has embedded itself deep into one's psyche.

When it comes to my influence, I need not look further than the first time I witnessed my very first horror movie. The movie was the 1981 film *An American Werewolf in London*. At four-years-old, I remember sitting in the living room watching this movie with my mother and grandmother and being fascinated with the feeling of terror. This was not the typical movie that I was allowed to watch, but for reasons unexplained, I was allowed to view this film in the living room that dark night, watching nervously for the next big scare or over-the-top special effect. However, as the movie progressed, so did the dark tone and violent tension that are so often involved with these types of films.

I suppose that my mother must have thought that it was getting somewhat graphic, so I was asked to say goodnight and go to bed. As I made my way out of the room and up the stairs, I remember hiding out of sight, watching the television at an angle which was just enough to see the screen, but also kept me out of view from the adult supervision in the next room. I craned my neck and peeked

through the wooden rails that ascended the staircase, spending the next hour spying upon this forbidden movie and feeling an utter sense of excitement and terror wash over me. It was at this very moment that I was hooked on horror movies.

While very few horror movies have truly frightened me, there have been those select few that have gone much deeper into my conscious. The movies impacted me to the point where I have been forever changed.

The first horror film that had a true psychological impact on me was the 1982 film *Poltergeist*. The premise of the film follows a typical suburban family who bought the house of their dreams, only to realize that it is haunted by the supernatural. Throughout the movie, the family witnesses bizarre acts of the paranormal, with each following encounter more terrifying than the last.

The first time I was ever genuinely bothered was when one of the characters decided to eat a steak for dinner. While he is eating his meal, the remaining meat begins to lurch forward on the counter like a night crawler in the dirt. Upon seeing this, the character gets physically sick. I was temporarily imprinted with the fear that as soon as I ate a piece of steak, it, too, would begin to lurch back and forth on my plate.

Another scene that affected me quite profoundly was the moment the television became possessed with an evil spirit and consumed one of the family's children. The screen had gone to a channel that had no signal, and thus had only a "snowy" picture. When the young girl approached the television, she was pulled through the screen's glass and into the realm of the supernatural by an ethereal claw. To this day, I still think about that scene. Whenever

I see a snowy screen on a television set, I think of *Poltergeist* and the impact those two scenes had on my life.

As the years progressed, so did the list of new horror movies I added to my viewing pleasure, searching for the next movie that would impact me like *Poltergeist*. I never would have guessed that the next movie to have that sort of impact on me would be a black and white movie from 1960 titled *Psycho*, about a schizophrenic young man who runs an old hotel on the side of a rural highway. Scarred from his childhood years of an unhealthy relationship with his overbearing mother, the main character begins murdering the inhabitants of the hotel under the disguise of his mother. In what could be arguably called the single most shocking and disturbing murder scene in early horror cinema history, a young woman is murdered while taking a shower.

The camera angle and the musical composition to this scene are powerful and would forever change the way that I shower. I had to lock the bathroom door and shampoo my hair without closing my eyes, because I was always afraid that if I closed them long enough, I would re-open them to see someone standing there with a huge knife ready to attack me. I still close the bathroom door, and I startle very easily at any noises while I am in the shower.

I knew at that particular point of my life, I was enthralled with the sensation of fear and terror in movies. In finding these classic movies, I found out things about myself that I may have never known. For example, I found the fortitude to stick with a scene even though I wanted to avert my eyes because of my fear. This was something that was invaluable. I can look back and see that one reason my fear of the dark did not last long was I already had the

tools needed to conquer that particular fear.

Unfortunately, I would be at the complete mercy of this next film. No amount of courage or coping skills would be able to overcome the paralyzing fear that I felt after seeing this film. It forever changed my life, and I have never been able to swim comfortably in the ocean since.

Jaws was a 1975 film about a great white shark terrorizing a small coastal town, and the subsequent attempts by a crew of professional men to stop it. I will never forget how powerful the fear of the unknown was to me. As a child, I tended to think that nothing could harm me, that bad things only happen to other people. This movie was my first lesson in humility. Once humans enter the ocean, they are no longer at the top of food chain. That information terrified me more than anything I have ever comprehended.

I will never forget watching this movie and just waiting for that shark to jump out and scare the audience. There are times when I believe that frightened me more than anything—that I could not see what was coming. I knew that danger was there. My heart was pounding; my forehead began to produce beads of sweat, and my body temperature rose. I was waiting for that moment of climax, the musical score was climbing in intensity, and just when I thought the shark was there...nothing happened. Everything was calm until the shark exploded out of the water with its jaw wide open, exposing rows of razor sharp teeth. That scene changed my view of the ocean from waters of innocence and warmth, to a home of a most fearsome creature.

Over the years, many films have attempted to copy these

successful movies by mimicking familiar scenes and storylines, and spawning out sequel after sequel in hopes of capitalizing on the original film's reputation. In my search for that next hauntingly creepy movie, a few movies have caused some nightmares and the occasional insomnia. However, I have yet to find a film that will impact my life the way those great horror films of yesterday did through original plots, special effects, intense musical compositions, and shocking endings.

Five Haiku

‘Cross the pond he leapt
The amphibious green squire
Surveying his realm

*

Dazzling the night sky
The fire-tailed creatures take flight
Heralding summer

*

The rose-bottomed clouds
Streak across the Eastern Sky
Promising the day

*

To the birdfeeder
His furry jowls aquiver
Forbidden fruit his!

*

Midnight sonata
An owl’s mournful hooting
Oracle of death?

by Margaret Summers

Between Doubt Belief



by Cari Nicholson

Young Love



by Jessica Young

Memories: George Knipp, Dr. Seuss, and Ronald Reagan

by Zachery Cummings

One of my earliest reminiscences is sitting on my great-grandfather's lap, reading from the inventive, imaginary author Dr. Seuss. The catchy phrase I remember is: "I do not like green eggs and ham, I do not like them. Sam I am." My maternal great-grandfather George Knipp stressed the importance of reading. He grew up in the early 1900's in the state of Kentucky before coming to Indiana where he began a life of working for the railroad. He was only 16-years-old at the time he began this career, and he was not able to complete his education.

I can sometimes imagine this time in history in which technology was not anything that it is today; a time when books were the only gateway to imaginary realms to which the reader would travel. To have a television was considered a luxury that not everyone could afford. Radios and the programs they broadcast were on during certain times of the day. For many people at that time, reading a book was one of the best ways to occupy the time.

Times have changed since my great-grandfather was born in 1898, and I am fortunate to have gone to school during the Reagan era. President Reagan started a program that was called "Reading is Fundamental." I was in the fifth grade at the time getting prepared for the sixth grade when he was in his first term as President of the United States. His wife Nancy Reagan believed that reading was a vital skill and should not be disregarded.

Although I believed that I was prepared for the sixth grade,

luckily a school counselor noticed my deficiency in reading. He confronted my mother at a parent/teacher conference, and told my mother that I would benefit more if I remained in the fifth grade, and became involved in this reading program. I was upset at first because my friends went on to the next grade while I had to stay behind. Now as I look back, I can see that this promotion to the sixth grade could have made a detrimental impact on my life. By staying behind in the fifth grade, I learned reading skills that I would utilize not only for all of my classes, but for the rest of my life.

Today I love to read and find great pleasure in reading magazines, books, newspapers, and online articles. Being at Ivy Tech Community College, I have a vast numbers of resources to draw from for reading material, from the library to the on-line virtual library. On certain days when I find the time, I like to go into any bookstore and look over the children's literature section to find new creative writers like Dr. Seuss. I have found from my own personal experience at Ivy Tech that writing in general can be complicated, and writing a children's book can be more difficult than other works of fiction. Children are a different type of audience altogether and if someone is talented enough to catch their attention, then that person is a talented writer. That is why I find Dr. Seuss to be one of the greatest literary authors of children's books.

As I reminisce about my past, I can see how my great-grandfather reading Dr. Seuss to me, my mother making an important decision about me, and President Reagan developing a reading program for me had positive impacts upon my life. In life sometimes it only takes one person to make this kind of positive influence; I was lucky enough to have had three.

Spontaneous Laughter

by Cari Nicholson

I first met Ronald McDonald at one of his preschool convocations, titled “Reduce, Reuse and Reece-cyle.” Loving how the children responded to the show sparked a fancy for me to be involved. After the show, I inquired how I might get on board the “Ronald mobile” of fun. A passionate Ronald McDonald smiled, flung his hands in excitement, and made gestures that exuded high energy. I related immediately to his passion as a love of life itself and was on board for the next two years.

Once, while we were driving to a convocation, Ronald was clueing me in on the details. One of which was, he expressed great concern to have a bodyguard next to him at all times when in public. My laughter rang out abruptly and his face responded with a questioning look. My mind just could not fathom why Ronald McDonald, a big clown, needed a bodyguard and, furthermore, the children were small. How could I assist in that area? I thought with wondering amazement, trying not to laugh.

I asked, “What in the world does Ronald McDonald need a bodyguard for?”

A simple and serious reply came from the clown : “Kids like to pull pranks and my wig.” We both had a good laugh.

One day as we traveled, the rain had been chasing behind the Ronald mobile for sometime, but didn’t propose a threat to canceling our convocation. We arrived as scheduled at the elementary school and began unloading the stage and sound equipment before the rain let loose. The host school allowed the

students to be involved by escorting us to the area to set up our show and by offering us their assistance. The professional and mature behavior coming from the elementary students was refreshing. The setup went smoothly as planned. We were anticipating a positive response from this show.

The children were excited and looking forward to seeing the Ronald McDonald show. They were hustling into the gym to be seated and the show was about to start, when loud sirens started. The principal scurried in to announce a “tornado watch” and detoured students into the inner hallways away from windows and into the “tornado position.”

Ronald became increasingly antsy and went towards the outer doors. I followed closely behind. The sky was black. The rain had finally caught up to us as a tornado. The funnel was forming and spouting to the ground. Loose items were flying by at a horizontal angle. Ronald turned to me with a very exasperated look and serious tone in his voice and said, “I have to make a break for the Ronald mobile.”

It was difficult for me to be serious when looking into his happy clown face. Clowning was his nature and he made jokes about serious things to ease the tension. I laughed, asked if he was picking up a new hobby of storm chasing. Again, Ronald turned to me confirming his seriousness and said, “Ronald can not be found in a hospital or dead!”

What a shock of reality! Could you imagine what would happen to the McDonald food chains, our jobs, and the many fans, if this would have taken place? The headlines would read something like this: “No One Fools With Mother Nature, Not Even Ronald

McDonald” or “Ronald McDonald Broke a Leg While Dancing with a Tornado.” The marketing team would have been taking on its biggest challenge to save the “Ronald McDonald” image.

With that thought, I saw a bright blurry yellow and red shape running, big red clown shoes flapping with each leap, into the rain and wind towards the Ronald mobile. It was hard not to picture the situation as if it were a cartoon:

The Ronald mobile vigorously rocking back and forth in the weather, throwing him to and fro, side to side, upside down, and all around; oversized red shoes knocking him off balance and getting wedged into things; with each movement exaggerated, stretching his shape out of proportion and bouncing back like a rubber band; all the above twisting him into a balled up pretzel and I, his *body guard*, would have to rescue him.

What a hilarious sight that would be, but as we all know, Ronald lived on to create more laughs and good times.

Another show was to be set up in a school’s library. It was quiet in the library. My co-worker put himself in a *tight position* while lifting, carrying and pulling equipment and put a *strain* on his pants. Rrrrrriiiippppp! About 9 inches in the seat of Ronald’s pants ripped out and he had to find an imaginative way to cover up the sound and the rip. When I fully understood what had happened and overcame my outrageous laughter, I began teasing my co-worker trying to be, oh, so quiet. However, because we were alone, I grabbed the microphone thinking it was turned off as usual. Any little rhyming poems to do with ripped britches and one liner jokes that I could muster, I

did! I did not realize all the while that the microphone was accidentally turned on and my voice was being carried down the hall and into the administration office. People had smirks on their faces as they started coming into the room, enlightening us that they had overheard. Luckily, Ronald's wife was not far off with a second pair of pants.

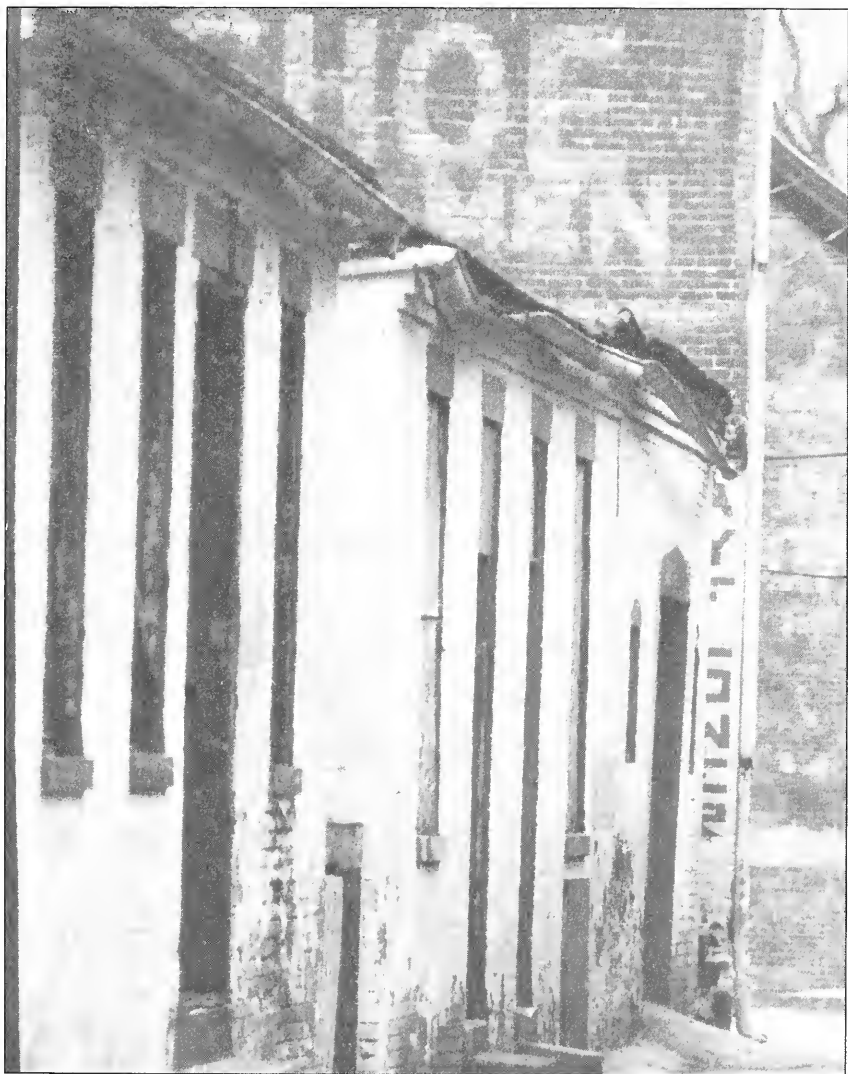
The drive to the next school convocation was a beautiful country drive on a warm spring day just before school was out for the summer. That was the best time to give a convocation, because the children were already excited for the end of the school year. The children of each school responded the same, with gleams in their eyes and laughter in their voices towards the clown.

The Bookin' show including Ronald's good friend Stogie the Bookworm. He is a puppet, but he never would admit it.

Once during a Bookin' show when Ronald was saying his lines about how important reading was, all of a sudden there was silence. Stogie responded to Ronald, but there was no response from Ronald—except laughter. The room was bursting with laughter, but again, no response from Ronald. As the puppeteer peeked to see what the laughter was about, he saw Ronald moving his hands back and forth with one of Stogie's eyeballs stuck to his glove. Stogie realized what had happened and he exclaimed, "That's ok, I can still out read you even with one eye Ronald!" The show ended in success.

Life on a day-to-day basis is spontaneous and full of laughter, if we allow it to be. On stage or behind the scenes of the real world, the experiences in my life that show growth and humor have helped me in times of misfortune and adversity. Good stories and laughter for others to hear and share in adverse times lighten hardships.

Madras



by Jessica Young

Look within See behind

As I drove around my life's canvas,
I looked within the whole depth of field

I looked up, down, over and under
To see behind the mergers that brought such clutter

Through the square of my mind's eye
15, 30 speeding collages became a motion blur

1000, 2000 of life's canvases standing still
In the twilight zone they were captured

There must be a focus to balance out the grays
Just 18% is what I'm praying for today

There has to be rules that are clear
3 here, 3 there and contained in a frame

I began to see the peculiar lines in life's canvas
They lead to a perspective that was not of me

Enlightened by this noise, I bring in light with a shutter
The whole must be narrowed down to see without the clutter

How can this be, a short depth of field, 2 or 3 I think I see
With 22 or 14 simple compositions how equivalent it could be

So what does this all mean, look within and see behind
Stop once or twice and view the bracket a little at a time

by Cari Nicholson

When I Grow Up



by Jessica Young

Attic Find

A black and white photograph
Of a lonely park bench of years ago
Is all but faded from all I know
Until I find the treasure hidden away
Covered by books and papers it lay
Untouched by any hand but mine
So many years since I have had a look
At the photograph that I once took
Of a lonely park bench those years ago
The attic find brings back all I know
From where it had been hidden away
So dusty is my memory of yesterday.

by Caleb Hunter

The Coin of Fate

by Christopher Murray

My grandfather fascinated me as a child. Tall, handsome, stern, and knowledgeable, he was one of the greatest male influences in my life. The impact that he made on my life was monumental.

Due to his service in the United States Army, which ranged from 1941-1944, Orval Edwin Mikesell was a hero to me. He fought in the European campaign of World War II with the 3rd Armored Division, under the command of General George S. Patton, who was arguably one of the greatest field commanders in military history.

I remember my grandfather telling me war stories from Europe, and the horrors of combat. My favorite story was about the lucky coin and the bullet.

On the heels of the Allied invasion into Europe, my grandfather was granted a weekend pass by his unit, and taking advantage of this opportunity for a break, decided to embark on his own personal mission. His mission was to find souvenirs to bring back to the United States, to act as mementos of this historic occasion.

He found himself in a small town in Italy, abundant with stores and merchants that sold items of diverse European culture. A peddler approached my grandfather and offered an impressive coin collection that he was selling. From this collection, my grandfather picked an abnormally thick and large coin, due to the magnificence of the coin's physical characteristics. He decided to purchase this coin as a token of good luck, and placed the coin in the left breast pocket of his uniform.

Two weeks later, while on route to an undisclosed location in France, my grandfather's unit came under attack from the Axis powers. At the time of the attacks, my grandfather was "manning" a .50 caliber machine-gun on an M1 Sherman tank. While engaging the enemy with his machine-gun, my grandfather felt a sharp, intense blow to the left part of his chest. He noticed a hole in the left breast pocket of his uniform. Immediately, he called for a medic, thinking that he had been shot.

While waiting for the medic, my grandfather felt his chest and found no signs of a wound, nor any blood. He reached in his pocket, and pulled out the good luck coin. The bullet which had struck him in the chest was stopped by the coin and then was fragmented and embedded in the coin's surface.

Although the coin has been lost, this story reminds me that God has a purpose for us all. For had my grandfather not purchased that specific coin, or instead purchased a work of art, I believe that he would have died that day, which would have reversed the future of my family. When I hear a student comment that "history is boring," or that history "is something that I do not need to know," it makes me smile. For if they owed their existence to an Italian peddler and a coin, I imagine that they would "think twice" about the validity and purpose of history.

Techno Elvis



by Cari Nicholson

Garden Painting

Alone and still
Character so real,
With a color air
Created with loving care
What hand could ever duplicate?

Now alive and breathing
Walking, talking, ever pleasing,
But still, so still
But is it not real
The girl in the garden painting

by Caleb Ross Hunter

Pursuing the Silver Cup

by Shon Casey

The Silver Cup is the name of a race for radio-controlled (RC) model boats sanctioned by the International Model Power Boat Association (IMPBA). The event must be sanctioned since hazards of a runaway RC boat and other incidents require liability insurance should someone get injured (or killed) by the RC boat. In 1983 the Silver Cup was held (three to five miles) west of Chicago in a state park east of Aurora, Illinois.

Eleven years before that race, I joined IMPBA in 1972 through the Indy Model Boat Club, in Indianapolis. Since I was a child watching my parents play with model tethered airplanes, I had wanted to play with radio control models. One day my girlfriend, Jean, and I decided to buy a .21 cubic inch engine. Since we had no idea what to do with it, we set out to find an organization that would suit our life style.

Model airplanes were interesting. We watched the flyers fly their planes and do the aerial acrobatics, known as pattern flying. Mims (a salesman of Ultra Sheen hair products) let me try to fly his plane and I quickly found out that that could be disastrous. When I turned the plane to the left, it went right—coming at me; and, when I climbed for altitude, the plane dove to the ground. That is when Mims took over the controls and saved the plane.

My next effort was the RC model cars. These cars used the same engine that Birdie (who became my wife in 1975) and I had just purchased. The day we went to the West 38th street shopping center, the temperature was sweltering at 90°F over the asphalt parking lot.

The crowd sat on bleachers in the direct sun. After an hour, I felt nauseated from breathing the castor oil/benzene (shoe polish aroma) fumes that hovered over the race course and crowd. Although it was exciting and interesting, it was more than I wanted to endure on a regular basis. Someone suggested that we check out the RC model boats that were racing about 15-minutes away from this shopping center race site.

Following hand-written directions and wishing I had a four-wheel drive vehicle, I drove onto an access road that led back into a gravel pit area. A clearing revealed a large lake with a cool breeze. Tents were on the shaded, shore side.

After parking the car, we were greeted by a friendly couple (Len and Kathy) who showed Birdie and me around, and handed me a beer. Then, I saw the boats run—expelling “rooster tails” 15 feet high and 50 feet long. They were fast, exceeding 70 miles per hour. The engines were big, .60 cubic inches. The racers were dressed comfortably and were friendly. Most of the women with the racers were wearing bikinis and were easy on the eye. Everybody was smiling and having a good time. I talked with Birdie and we agreed that this was what we would do as a hobby (which later turned out to be an expensive sport).

That year, I built my first radio control boat and radio transmitter along with the ancillary equipment needed to support the radio control boat operation. At a southern Illinois gravel pit, I made the maiden voyage of my radio control boat with my Dad and Birdie observing my actions. Demonstrating my first boat launch and driving ability sure got me “talked about” by Dad—because I crashed the boat.

Back home in Indianapolis, I practiced for our first race at the “Just Add Water” Boat Marina, on Franklin Road. On the morning of my first race, it was raining and I was squatting down working on my boat when I looked up into a TV camera. I asked a stupid question: “Are we going to race in the rain?” The answer was, “Don’t boats run in water?”

When the race started, I had the lead, but swamped the boat entering the first turn. Tom Carnegie (the Indy 500 voice) said that I had the race locked-up until I “blew it.” He continued to razz me in the pit area by talking about my boat’s color scheme to everyone in the pit. I then threatened to enroll as a student in a class I knew he taught at Butler University.

Later that year, I saw the Budweiser, Miss USA and Miller American Unlimited Hydroplanes scaled to 1/8 the size of the real Unlimited Hydroplanes. I wanted the 1/8th scale U71 Atlas Van Lines unlimited hydroplane. At that time, Bill Muncie was the driver of the full scale Atlas Van Lines hydroplane.

As a winter project, David Lee (a mechanical engineer colleague and friend) helped me scratch-build a 1/8 scale U71. I could win with this radio control model boat because it was going to be easy. All one had to do was to finish. That is endurance and reliability I thought.

Over the next ten years, I crashed, rebuilt, trashed then retrieved and rebuilt, repainted, improved my driving skills, learned to fabricate my own spare and engine parts to my specifications, modified my radio for reliability, repainted and hand lettered the Atlas Van Lines logo, dressed my scale driver, and paid some Fort Wayne children ransom money (\$9) for his return after he was stolen from the boat.

Nine years passed. In 1983, Birdie and I stopped by Gary, Indiana to pick-up my cousins and race supporters “Nitro Nellie” (a famous NHRA Funny Car drag racer, now a celebrity where her car has been restored and is in the Don Garlits Hall of Fame Museum in Gainesville, Florida) and her husband, Otis. We drove west of Chicago toward Aurora, Illinois to the Illinois park where the “Silver Cup” race was being held.

The night before the race, a thunderstorm had blown down a tree across the access road, thus, blocking the drive back to the lake race site. The racers, waiting for the forest rangers to remove the tree road, decided to convince me that I could not win with my old boat because they had new boats and engines. I was still running that old boat fabricated with homemade everything (but unknown to my competitors the U71 had been continually updated over the years with state of the art technology).

I was nervous because I had fabricated a .67 cubic inch engine of my own design, for my scratch-built 1/8 scale Atlas Van Lines boat. However, previous tests had not gone well during practice sessions in Indianapolis. Marty (a boat manufacturer and engine builder in Indianapolis) had a new prototype K & B engine from Mike (the K & B engine manufacturer), which was the new .67 cubic inch type that was the envy of every model boater. This engine was outstanding and just looking at it almost caused me to have doubts about my engineering practices. And Gary Prusse from Chicago (the radio control model boat unbeaten champion) had won every race he competed in. The competition knew I had no chance of a win, which made my mental preparation for the race difficult.

After a three-hour delay, the tree was cleared so we could set-up

our tent and equipment. Practice was limited or non-existent, so the three qualifying heats were my practice sessions for the Silver Cup.

I raced three qualifying heats. During each heat, the U71 Atlas had to fight for every point. Points are awarded as follows: 400 for first; 320 for second; 225 for third, and 25 for starting the race; however, there is a 50 point penalty for touching a buoy and disqualification for running over a stalled boat on the race course, called a "dead boat." The top six scoring boats advance to the feature race, the Silver Cup. The winner takes the only prize offered, a first place traveling trophy that is kept by the winner for one year and the grand prize, a new engine.

I went to the car and opened a cold beer (no drinking on a Federal Reserve or state park) and got caught by Birdie. She was angry. I told her that these conditions were more than I could stand; nobody was nice or would talk to me. The Chicago host club members were hateful and denied me assistance with retrieving my boat, as a host club should. She gave me a big hug and walked me back to my 7 horsepower @ 25,000rpm, 65% nitro burning, 14 pound, beautifully engineered RC Atlas Van Lines U71 to help me get ready for the feature. Birdie was my pit crew, coach, lookout (stalled boats on the race course), and lap counter (six lap race).

The call came from the starter to start engines. Each contestant had two and one-half minutes to get his RC boat engine fired and the boat launched on the water. I said a prayer at this moment because I needed God's strength to help me continue. After the launch period, the racers had 30-seconds to approach the starting line, but not cross it for the race start or a lap penalty would be imposed. Each contestant's boat is at full throttle for the running

start; my engine was screaming at 22,000 revolutions per minute (rpm). I was the sixth of the six boats.

When we came out of turn-one, I had to run wide in turn two because of a crash. Marty, with his prototype K & B, and I were deck-to-deck starting down the back stretch to turn three, a 320 feet run. My Atlas U71 outran him down the back straight. At the end of the straightaway, the Atlas did two loops, hit the water and did three barrel rolls. Then Marty's boat plowed into the Atlas and his boat died. Surprisingly, my Atlas U71 kept running. The corner judge told me to pull the boat off the course because I had hit a dead boat. I refused. I argued, then got docked a one lap penalty.

I had to lap the field to win. That meant I had to run seven laps instead of six laps to complete the race. The Atlas had a heavy nitromethane mixture of fuel on board. Birdie counted the laps and called out the dead boats so that I would not hit them. The Atlas rounded the last turn on the last lap and there was one boat in front. The screaming engine powered the Atlas to the lead by three lengths to take the win.

I shut the Atlas down about 30 feet out from the shore. One of the race course judges shouted, "Shon, you did not win!" I then argued with the corner judge who cited me for hitting Marty's "dead boat." I claimed I did not hit Marty's boat: he hit my boat. There was not a dead boat at that time in that corner because Marty's boat was still running after my boat survived the blow-off. Then, I cursed the officials. I do regret that I used such language.

We loaded the Atlas and the equipment in the car for the trip back to Gary and then Indianapolis. As we were leaving, an official (the contest director, Bob) of the Minute Breakers host club

stopped me and said, "You won!"

Bob's boat was the boat I passed to win. I was going home because I was told that I had not won. Bob convinced me that I did win and awarded me the Silver Cup and a new K & B .67 cubic inch engine (the engine is still in the box and has never been used because the one I built was much better). I did not know what to think or say.

I set the trophy (one foot tall, 12 inch diameter) on Otis's (Nitro Nellie's husband) lap, asked Birdie to drive while I sat in the back seat, had a cold beer, and laughed all the way to Chicago.

I won the Mini Gold Cup in Detroit, Michigan and the John Bridge Memorial Trophy for F hydro with my Skoal Bandit in 1983, too. The F-Hydroplane could do zero to 100 mph in less than three seconds. I am the only model boater to have won these three races. I did it in the same year, too.

The Atlas U71, the Bandit, and I stopped racing in 1995, and Birdie died in 1996.

I Wish

walls of restriction

laws of control

surround my

existence

oh how i wish i could fly

lak ah butterfly

experience liberation

sometimes

i wish

i could

fly

up high

above

this earthy

position

by Patricia Ann John

Calico Ashes

by Suzanne Peery

Margo scattered the ashes from the wood cookstove upon her flower garden. They were the ashes from a rag she had been using for 40-some years. This was her garbage for the day.

She remembered the origins of the rag as its usefulness had finally given out and it had fallen apart. No longer could it soak up the spills that her grandchildren made.

Tenderness filled Margo's eyes as she tossed the yellow rag into the hot coals of her wood-burning stove. As she watched it smolder and burn, her eyes grew misty and her mind wandered back to the day she purchased, with her hard-earned money, the lovely yards of yellow calico material she could not resist buying. The white background full of little yellow daisies reminded her of springtime and her first-born daughter, Mary.

Margo had carefully stitched a homemade jumper from this precious material when Mary was six-years-old. Masses of Mary's golden hair tumbled down the back of the yellow jumper she had sewn with such love. At family reunions, during games of tag, and Ring Around the Rosy, Mary wore her yellow calico jumper.

After the first several tears, which Margo carefully mended of course, she made the decision to put the yellow jumper aside to be a special part of a wedding quilt she would make for Mary. When that time came, a white, yellow, and green quilt was a masterpiece and gave great joy to her precious daughter and her new family.

Years went quickly by. Some scraps from the yellow calico jumper she used for dust rags, and some pieces she made into dish

towels. She didn't believe in waste.

The remains of the yellow jumper were now ashes and she showered them upon her flower bed.

Valentines



by Devon Smith

“Beggars Can’t Be Choosers”

by Margaret Summers

I grew up in the 1950s in Kansas. My father was a grocer, so we always had plenty of food stocked in our pantry. My mother had grown from humble beginnings to the wife of a well-respected merchant. She maintained a persona of upscale social status, but underneath there was a lack of assurance.

Every few months her older brother Don would call and spoil my mom’s day. He would call early in the morning and announce to my mom that he and his wife had decided to drive over from their home in Boulder, Colorado, and they would be arriving that afternoon. Knowing that my mom was too polite to tell him to go to a hotel, Don and his family of five would expect to be housed and fed for several days.

No one in my family particularly cared for this uncle or his family. He was an obnoxious man who took a perverse pleasure in asking my teenage sisters questions he knew would embarrass them: like, did they have any boyfriends? My mom always said he developed his superior impression of himself because he had been spoiled as a child. His three older siblings had all succumbed to tuberculosis before their eighteenth birthdays, and the neighbors had told his parents Don would be gone by eighteen also. He lived on to adulthood, but developed an insufferable personality instead. When he and his wife Sarah “dropped in on us” unexpectedly, they would retire to the living room, put their feet up and relax, and anticipate my mom bringing them refreshments.

Aside from this unseemly behavior, my mom also resented that

they expected to be fed for several days, and never offered to contribute anything towards the grocery expense. Because she knew the unwelcome company would call every few months, my mom had taken to stocking her pantry with “poor” foods she would not normally put before her own family. Chief among these were several cans of Spam. When one of us would comment that Uncle Don was going to complain about being served Spam, she would caustically state, “Well, beggars can’t be choosers.”

That evening after their arrival, mom called all of us to dinner and placed several dishes on the table with a platter of sliced, fried Spam as the main entre. Don poked at it with his fork, wrinkled up his nose in disdain, and questioned, “What’s this?”

“It’s Spam Delight,” my mom replied. “It’s a new recipe I cut out of a magazine.”

“I’m surprised you serve stuff like this to your company, Millie,” Don continued to complain.

Then out of my seven-year-old mouth came these words, “Well, beggars can’t be choosers.” As soon as the words were uttered, I thought to myself, “Boy, am I going to get it.” I looked over at my mother, and she was shaking, tight-lipped trying to keep from laughing. I looked at my dad, and he was calmly taking a slice of the Spam and filling his plate with side dishes.

“Good meal, hon,” he said to my mom.

My Uncle Don never again complained about the fare set before him at our table.

The Chronicle of a Young Boy: A Journey into the English Language

by Jose Viana

Just as I became comfortable with Portuguese in Volta Redonda in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, around my second and third grade years, my parents moved to Kissimmee, Florida in the United States. Once in Kissimmee, in January 1997, I was thrown into the middle of the fourth grade at Thacker Elementary School. Day after day, I sat almost in tears because I did not understand a word the teacher was saying. Another Brazilian, Poliane or Poly as we called her, was in the same class. One day she cried so hard they had to call her parents to come pick her up.

My Social Studies teacher, Mr. Talemco, a nice young man in his late 20's, would personally attend to me, and speak as slowly and clearly as possible so I would not only learn the Social Studies material, but also English. Miraculously I passed the fourth grade. The following year my parents decided to enroll me in a school that had a better ESL [English as Second Language] program.

So in August of 1997, at Central Elementary School, I started my journey into the English language as a fifth grader. My teacher Ms. Diaz, a young Colombian lady in her early 20's, was good at helping us understand English. In my class, everyone was on the same level, and there were three Brazilians who became my friends: Matheus, Gabriel, and Petterson. Ms. Diaz would teach us in a fun kind of way, using word games and spelling contests.

One thing Ms. Diaz would say every day was that, she "could be the best teacher in the world, but no one would learn English

correctly unless they read.” She would give us reading material every day and test us on it. She also recommended that the parents take their child to the library on regular basis so the child could read.

My mother would take me to the Osceola County Public Library every other Saturday for about three to four hours. I learned from reading children’s books such as the Dr. Seuss collection and *Charlotte’s Web* by E.B. White among many others. Sadly, once I had learned to speak fluently, I stopped reading. I had made many friends and enjoyed playing outside. I stopped appreciating the importance of reading.

Throughout elementary school and beginning of middle school, I did not write as much as I should have. My teachers at the time were more concerned with me speaking; they said writing knowledge would come from reading. Because Portuguese is the same alphabet as the English alphabet [the Latin or Roman alphabet], I did not have trouble learning how to write. Also, many words in English come from Latin, and the entire Portuguese language comes from Latin. Thus many of the words are the same, but pronounced differently.

One example is “anthropology”; it comes from the Latin word *anthropologia* and in Portuguese it is written *antropologia*. So, due to the similarity of the language, early English writing was not a problem. My problem in writing did not come until sixth grade when grammar and English rules came into play.

However, I enjoyed writing poems. Many of them weren’t good, but nevertheless, I enjoyed coming up with rhymes and learning new words. Every time I would add a new word to my vocabulary, I would find ways to speak it on a daily basis so I could show off

my new word.

Thinking back to my early memories of learning English brings me joy and fulfillment. I had good teachers and supportive parents. If I did not learn as much as I should have, I have no one to blame but myself.

My Crosses



by Cari Nicholson

The Horse and the Chicken: A Modern Aesopian Adult Fable

by Renée Moore

A long time ago, on a busy farm, lived a little chicken and a big horse. They were good friends and they would meet every day when the sun was at its highest. They discussed matters of the farm and gossiped about all the other farm animals.

The horse was a confident animal and believed that he was perfect just the way he was. The chicken complained and wished she was different. She envied the horse for its staggering strength, the sheep for their wonderful wool, and the cows for their production of milk and meat. The goose, however, was the animal she envied the most. Every day, she complained about being a chicken and not being able to fly like the goose. She would say to the horse:

“I can do everything a goose can do except fly! We both lay eggs and we both have feathers! Why can’t I fly?”

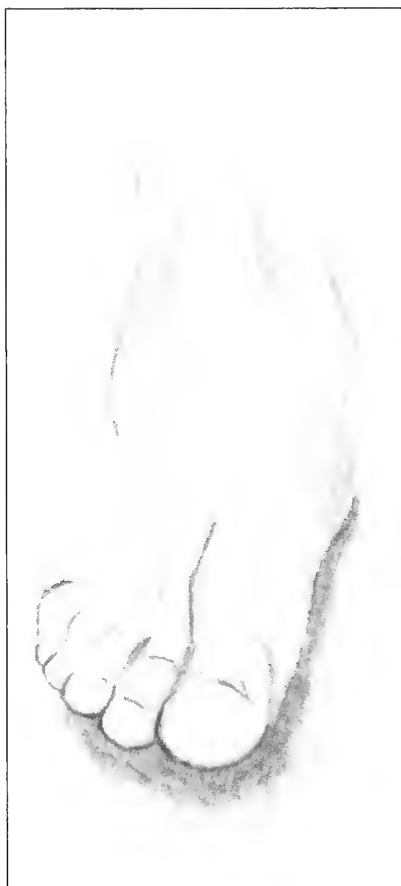
The horse, tired of hearing this every day, had an idea:

“What if you climb up on the fence and I will kick you into the air so that you can feel what it is like to fly?”

Excited, the chicken climbed up on the fence and looked at the big blue sky. She was finally going to be like the goose! She closed her eyes and prepared herself for the launch. The horse neighed three times and kicked her high into the sky. She felt so wonderful and was so exhilarated that she forgot she was a chicken. But as her plump little body started to fall quickly, she realized that she was not made to fly and that her wings did not have the span of the goose. Seconds later, she crashed into a barn and died on impact.

It is moral thus that sensible people should be aware of their limitations and avoid being envious of those who are capable of more.

Right Foot



by Cari Nicholson

Wait: A Fable in the Style of Aesop

by Angelika Hering

There was a time when a blue jay and a squirrel became friends, and the two friends frequently scavenged for food together in the forest. The blue jay and the squirrel were hungry all the time, and ate just about everything they came across. One spring day, they found some succulent seeds on the forest floor and began gobbling the seeds. When Squirrel was down to his last seed, he decided to keep the seed instead of eating it.

“What are you doing, friend,” Blue Jay asked. “Going to wait until you get home to eat it?”

“I’m not going to eat it,” replied Squirrel. “I think I’ll plant it next to my tree and see what happens.”

And that’s what Squirrel did. He watered the spot often and kept it free of debris. In just a few short weeks, a sprout sprung from the ground. At the end of the summer, Blue Jay came calling to see if Squirrel wanted to forage for food. Blue Jay spotted the sprout, which now was quite tall.

“Was that your seed,” Blue Jay inquired. “Planning on eating it before winter comes?”

“No,” Squirrel replied, “I think I’ll wait until spring to see what happens.”

Spring came. Blue Jay decided to see how Squirrel and the tall sprout were doing. When Blue Jay reached Squirrel’s tree, he was amazed. The sprout was no longer a sprout, but an actual bush with

young leaves bursting from the branches. Squirrel came down to greet Blue Jay.

“Your leafy bush is huge,” Blue Jay exclaimed. “Are you planning to eat all of those leaves?”

“No, I’ll think I’ll wait until the end of summer, to see what happens,” Squirrel said, smiling.

Finally, summer came, and Blue Jay was eager to see what Squirrel’s leafy, green bush looked like. Upon entering the clearing, Blue Jay was in awe! Squirrel stood under a bush that was the largest bush Blue Jay had ever seen, and each branch was bursting with huge, luscious berries.

“Squirrel, you have enough berries here to feast on every day for the rest of the year,” said Blue Jay.

“Not just that,” replied Squirrel, “but this bush will produce berries for me every year for the rest of my life!”

*The moral of this story is the cliché “good things often come to those who wait.” **

*Footnote: After researching this particular cliché, I found that the quote “all things come to those who wait” was used but probably not originated by Violet Fane (1843-1905) in her poem “Tout vient à qui sait attendre” (www.encarta.msn.com/quote).

Five Dollars a Day

by Shon D. Casey

Remembering when I applied for and received my Social Security card takes me back to 1958. One day around noon while shopping in the Warner's grocery store, Earl Casey, a local farmer, suggested that Wayne (my classmate and neighbor, and Earl's 16-year-old nephew) and I go to the Pinkstaff (Illinois) Post Office to apply for our Social Security cards.

Naomi Selby, the Postmaster, was instrumental in assisting Wayne and me with our Social Security card applications. The applications were mailed and a few weeks later the cards were received. Since I always picked-up the mail from the Post Office, I opened the Social Security letter. Then, showing Naomi my Social Security card, she suggested that I sign it using my full name so that it would be legal, and I did.

In the spring, the grain commodities prices increase, so the farmers hurry to sell their grain harvested from the last fall before the prices drop caused from the increased sale of grain. Earl Casey (my Dad's first cousin) and one of Dad's customers, who regularly needed repair services for his farm implements, came by Casey's (Dad's) Garage. Earl Casey owned (and partnered with Dr. Kingsberry) a 1500 tillable acre farm, including livestock, Angus cattle (500) and Hampshire pigs (300); thankfully, there were no horses, goats, sheep, long horn steers, or milk cows. A wagon of Mr. Casey's grain had broken down at the Pinkstaff Elevator and he needed the shelled corn transferred from the broken wagon into another wagon.

Dad, who was good at, “coming to the rescue,” volunteered a helpful farm hand—me. I think this was what is called “payback,” for the aggravation I gave Dad, when I indicated I wanted to be paid for any services rendered.

I was assured that I would not need to take anything with me, and that the project that I was working on for Dad could wait until I came back. And, I would not need to provide my own transportation to the Pinkstaff Grain Elevator.

There, Wayne and I were shown by Mr. Casey how to properly use a number 14 scoop-shovel for the transfer of shelled corn into the waiting wagon. There were, I estimate, 500 bushels of corn in the wagon the two of us had to manually unload from one wagon and load into the other wagon. We did the corn transfer in less than an hour.

Then, Mr. Casey took me home. He asked Dad if I could work a few more days, since he needed help with the hay that needed bailed and stored in the barn, weeds that needed cut out of a big ditch, and with the corn that needed to be shoveled from storage. Dad was too agreeable, and I went along with the suggestion.

For most of the summer of 1958, and “as needed,” I was loaned out to help Mr. Casey work on the farm. My chores included combining wheat, planting soy beans, stacking hay from the hay bailer onto a trailing wagon behind the hay bailer, and then helping unload any wagons that were still loaded at the end of the day.

When payday Friday came, Mr. Casey would sit down, to tally the hours worked. Although I was being paid by the day, checks were issued weekly. He would have the check ready to be picked up at his house or would hand it to me on the next working day. Taxes and

Social Security had to be deducted before the check could be issued. My standard wage was \$5 a day (for 10-hours of labor), and on some days, the crew would work long hours from 6:00 a.m. to 10 p.m. Those were days when the alfalfa hay needed to be unloaded and stored.

I earned \$5.00 per day for 28 ½ days (from 8-hours to 14-hours per day). That summer of 1958 I earned \$142 and paid \$3 in Federal Taxes. This was “good” money when compared to the \$35 per week salary of a regular farm hand during that year.

Candle in Parlor



by Cari Nicholson

Summer Thunder

by Suzanne Peery

Aubrey sat outside on her porch swing that evening. It had been a swelteringly hot, dry summer in the Appalachian Mountains where she had toiled for long, weary hours tending her vegetable garden and her family. She loved the work, but it did get tiring, and all of her hard work seemed about to be wasted as the sky refused to do its fair share and release the water they so desperately needed.

As she sent yet another prayer heavenward for rain, Aubrey thought she noticed a quick, barely discernable flash out of the corner of her eye. Was she hoping too much? Was it her overactive imagination or just another flash of heat lightning so common these days? She quieted her breathing and listened intently for the rumble of thunder. She wasn't sure if she heard it first or felt it in the center of her being—a deep rumble.

Aubrey hurried into her house and gathered her children out to the big front porch where they had spent long hours talking, reading books or just soaking up the sounds of the mountains. In the summer they listened to the high-pitched chirping of the lonesome tree frogs and cicadas, the crowing of the boastful roosters, and sometimes even the baying of Bo, their big old hound dog who had treed some poor raccoon in the ancient, gnarly oak nearby.

Tonight, though, Aubrey and her children were treated to a glorious display of lightning as they huddled together upon the family's worn, wooden, porch swing. Then the fresh, cool rain sprayed a fine mist on their faces as they squealed and shivered with delight and fear, and they held each other tight as the bright

lightning and the rumbling summer thunder made them blind and deaf to all else.

Aubrey's prayers were answered and then some, as not only had her garden got the precious water it needed, but she and her children went to bed refreshed in their souls, happy to be living in the hills.

When I First Decided To Vote

by Sherelle Davis

How could I complain about the mistakes the President was making if I did not vote and had the opportunity to do so? I had never voted before, but this year I would. I wanted to have an impact on who would be President.

Luckily, I had already registered to vote after getting my driver's license three years ago. I never knew if I was going to use it or not, but I wanted to be registered just in case. Throughout the three years I would get verification cards in the mail asking if my information was correct. I never paid attention to the cards; I thought it was junk mail. Now I knew I wanted to vote.

After finding out all I could about voting, I knew it was time to make that difference. So I did.

Someone had told me to go as early as I could. I got up around eight in the morning and went to the church I was assigned. I was among many first-time voters. Of course I was still anxious, because all I knew was what people had told me; and even then I still wondered if my vote would count.

After a few minutes, it was my turn to give my name. After doing so, I was asked, "Is this your first time voting Ms. Davis?" I told her "yes." As soon as I said yes, everyone gave me a round of applause. At that moment, I felt comfortable, and I was happy.

After looking up my name, she asked me to go to the voting room. Once I got there I was handed a paper ballot where I had to darken the circles next to the person's name. The ballot had at least 20 people running for 10 different positions. I did not know that I

would be voting for anyone else besides who was running for President. Some positions I did not know were voted into office—like being a judge, so I learned something new.

Once I filled in the spots for the President and the Congress, I asked for help. I asked someone to tell me a little about the rest of the names on the paper. Lucky for me they were willing to help. Once they did help me, it made it so much easier for me.

Once I was done voting, I had to put the paper in a machine that gave me a number. The number was 116. I will never forget that number because it was the number I received the first time I voted. When I was finished, I felt good. As I was leaving the polling place, I had a sense of accomplishment. I knew I had made a difference and that my vote or opinion had mattered.

Winter Charm



by Suzanne Peery

Carmel Park Walkway



by Cari Nicholson

The Letter

by Elaine Tomlinson

As a child about the age of seven, I can remember writing my first letter. I sat at the kitchen table excited to begin using the cursive handwriting skills I had learned in school. I brushed the table off of any dust so that my paper would be neat and clean. To me this was an important task because I was writing a letter to my Uncle Sandlin.

As I started to place the pencil on the paper, I held my forearm on top of the paper tightly to keep it from blowing away. I was nervous and excited because this was my very first letter. I was writing to my favorite Uncle Sandlan who lived in Salem, Indiana. I lived at that time in Lafayette, Indiana, and to me Salem seemed a long way for my letter to travel, even though it only takes three hours to drive there from Lafayette.

My letter began: "Dear Uncle Sandlan," then continued with "How are you? I am fine. I am 7-years-old. I miss you and want to come to Salem and visit." I signed my short letter "With love, Orpha Abner."

My cursive writing was large and shaky, but to me it was a work of art. I grabbed an envelope folded the letter and placed it carefully inside the envelope. I gave it a kiss, then handed it to my mother for her to address, stamp, and mail.

Years went by and I never received a letter back from him. I forgot about the letter I wrote to him.

I was 14-years-old when my Uncle Sandlan died. I still lived in Lafayette and I dreaded to travel to Southern Indiana to the small

town of Salem. We drove three hours to attend his funeral. It was the first funeral I had ever attended and I was not sure what to expect. I had not seen him in nearly three years. There he was laid out in his suit and everyone was crying. I knew what death was and I knew I could not speak with him. I could not laugh with him nor hug him again. However, I could not cry. As I looked at him I was sad, but to me he just looked as though he was sleeping. He had died from cancer and my Aunt Nell told us how much pain he was in prior to his death. I was at peace knowing he was no longer in any kind of pain. His funeral was full of people telling stories and experiences they had with him. They knew him as a jokester; a man full of life, just the way I remembered him.

We stayed in Salem with my Aunt Nell a few days longer after his funeral. Before we left my aunt told me she had something for me. It was the letter I had written him seven years ago. He had kept it in his wallet all these years. I was amazed and touched. I could not believe he had kept it.

As I unfolded the yellowish-aged paper I saw how different my handwriting appeared, and also, how my sentences were short, but spoken with love. They must have been because he carried it with him all those years.

I still wonder why he kept it in his wallet, and I wonder what it meant to him. I don't know the answers he would have given me, and I never will, but I hope it was because he loved me and that the letter made him happy to know I had thought of him because he knew I loved him. Regardless, I think the letter must have meant something to him and to receive my very first letter back that I had sent to my favorite uncle means so much to me.

timeout

you know i am hiding
don't come find me
no not now

i am in a cool
shaded place
letting my thoughts
race out

to play, to shout
then back to their
resting place

my mind calm
together now settle
relax

from the harsh
hot
realities of
life...

by Patricia Ann John

Contributors' Biographies

Shon D. Casey

Shon chose a new career involving both culinary arts and automotive technology after retiring from the Naval Air Warfare Center, coping with the death of his wife “Birdie,” and battling cancer and heart disease. At 67, he is looking for a new chapter in his life.

Zachery Cummings

Zachery is 29-years-old. He is pursuing his Associates degree in Electrical Engineering Technology and plans to graduate in the Summer of 2010. He is humbled to participate in *New Voices*. He says, “I am thankful for Ivy Tech, and every instructor who helped mold me along the way.”

Sherelle Davis

A student at Ivy Tech Community College, Sherelle is also a mother to one daughter. Sherelle plans to earn her RN License. She says: “When I come to school, I give my all.”

Caleb Ross Hunter

Currently a freshman at Ivy Tech, Caleb will be transferring to Barclay College in HaviLand, Kansas next fall. There, he hopes to double major in Youth Ministry and Bible. When he is not busy with his part-time job, youth ministry internship, and college classes, he enjoys hanging with friends, writing poems and stories, and playing music.

Elaine Delmoro

Elaine is a 25-year-old Brazilian exchange student who has the pleasure to be in the U.S. learning a second language by sharing unique experiences in life. The English Composition course at Ivy Tech Community college was her first step to pursue a degree for teaching English as a second language.

Angelika Hering

Angelika (Angel, for short), is a sophomore at Ivy Tech. She has two children, Tera, an English teacher in Harbin, China, and Garrett, a sophomore at IU in South Bend, Indiana. She has been in Indianapolis for almost a year.

Patricia Ann John

A 47-year-old mother and grandmother, Patricia loves poetry and art. She is currently pursuing a degree in fine arts. Also, a lifelong dream is to express herself through art and the written word.

Jermaine Moore

Jermaine is 22-years-old and a graduate of Ben Davis High School. He previously attended Ivy Tech in the spring of 2007, but dropped out to work a full-time job and support his daughter, who is now a one-year-old. Now he is again at Ivy Tech studying for his ASN. In his free time, he enjoys playing football and is the starting left guard for the Ivy Tech Men's Football Team. He hopes that readers can relate to his story and understand that anything is possible.

Renée Moore

One of Renée's favorite things to do is read. She loves being able to imagine places and things otherwise undiscovered. She is a part-time student working diligently towards a business degree that will hopefully allow her to travel and see that of which she now only dreams.

Chris Murray

As a freshman at Ivy Tech Community College, Chris is enjoying his first year of college and the experiences that go with it. He plans to transfer to I.U.P.U.I. next year, and will continue his education at the Kelley School of Business, where he will major in human resources management.

Cari Nicholson

No Bio submitted.

Suzanne Peery

Suzanne was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. She is currently enrolled at Ivy Tech as a visual communications major. After homeschooling her four children in the Appalachian Mountains of Virginia, she decided it was time to get a college degree. Her goal is to write and illustrate children's literature.

Lee Edward Reynolds, III

A freshman at Ivy Tech Community College, Lee is currently working towards a major in elementary education. In his poetry and stories he expresses ideas or questions that he has about the world around him.

Christina Rowland

A 2007 graduate of Lawrence Central High School, Christina is currently pursuing her degree in Business Administration with future plans for a Bachelor's degree in Photography. This semester she is in Orlando, Florida as an intern with the Disney College Program.

Devon Smith

No Bio submitted.

Margaret Summers

Retired from the insurance industry in Indianapolis, Margaret now has the luxury of tackling her life-long ambition of becoming a novelist, and is taking writing classes at Ivy Tech. Her hobbies are reading, neighborhood walking, and trying to decipher her grandchildren's jibber-jabber.

Elaine Tomlonson

A student at Ivy Tech Community College, Elaine is pursuing an Associate's Degree in Business. Her career goal is to own a successful business.

Jose Viana

A 22-year-old passionate and adventurous fellow with one objective in mind: a Bachelor's degree in engineering. Some of his hobbies are motorcycle riding, traveling, and watching television drama. Born in a small town in Brazil and raised in a big city in America, he says, "Who am I but a regular guy?"

Jessica Young

No Bio submitted.

Editors' Biographies

Tynisa Batemon

Tynisa is a 19-year-old Ivy Tech Community College freshman, who is transferring to Purdue University where she will pursue a Bachelor's Degree in Liberal Arts. She enjoys science, and loves editing and creating new ideas for writing. Also, she volunteers for the Dayspring Center where she helps provide for homeless families.

Jillian Burdick

Jillian lives in Indianapolis and is currently pursuing degrees in both Nursing and Commercial Journalism. She was published in *New Voices 2008* and received a first place literary award from the National League of American Pen Women (Indianapolis Branch) for her essay "His Coins." She enjoyed trying her hand at editing the *New Voices 2009*. She also likes pie.

Jordan Walker

According to his mother, Jordan is a gifted writer, philosopher, poet, gourmet, classical music aficionado, polymath, and genius. His only problem is, getting everyone else to believe this...

How to Submit Your Manuscripts and Art Work to New Voices 2010

It is a good idea to have an instructor or someone from the Writing Reading Learning Centers critique and edit your manuscript. When ready, bring or send via office mail, two copies of your manuscript and one disk in Microsoft Word, 12 point, Times New Roman to NMC 552. You may also email two copies of your submissions to jlafoure@ivytech.edu as attachments.

Leave your name on one copy of your manuscript.

Label your disk and include with your email your name, title of your work, and your instructor's name. Your disk should have your titled manuscript, your name, and a mini-bio of yourself in 50 words or less. These should be two separate files. Name the bio: "Your Last Name, BIO." Nothing else should be on your disk.

Personal essays, short stories, poetry, research papers, and expository writing of all types are accepted. (Identify the type of writing you are submitting.) Manuscripts of four to five pages of prose or less will be given first consideration.

Original black and white or color artwork (of an appropriate size) may also be submitted. Cover designs are welcome. Follow the same guidelines as for the written manuscript.

You **must** include information about how to reach you: address, phone numbers, email addresses, etc. on the manuscript or artwork with your name.

By giving the manuscript or art work, etc. to the instructor or a faculty editor for this publication, you are granting permission to publish.

Manuscripts and art work are chosen by a student editorial board. Authorship is not revealed until the material is accepted.

Any unpublished manuscripts or art work not published may be considered for a future issue.

Deadline for Spring 2010 issue is December 1, 2009.

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If you are interested in being a student editor, contact Professor Judith LaFourest, NMC 552, jlafoure@ivytech.edu, 921-4571.



